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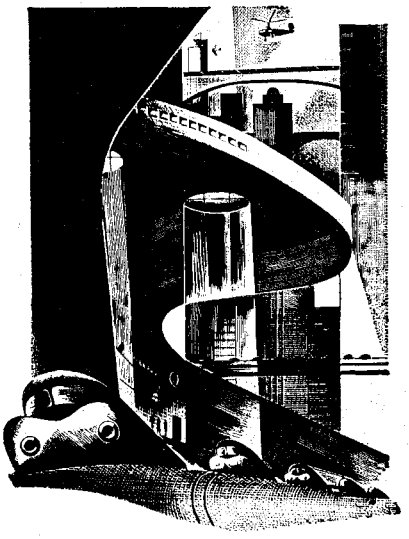

Tomorrow's Politics

THE CONTROL & USE OF TECHNOLOGY

Nigel Calder

Houston's Hospitals
THE SMELL OF CHARITY
Joe & Cynthia Adcock

HAITI: Alternatives
To Tyranny
Al Burt

LeROI JONES by Harold Clurman

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LETTERS

Vietnam floods

Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The disastrous floods occurring in Vietnam this year are not merely an unfortunate act of God; they are the inevitable consequence of the irresponsible military program of dumping tons of chemical plant killers upon that country to remove what was regarded as cover for the Vietcong.

As one example, on June 5, the Associated Press reported on a typical "scorched earth" foray: "A 20-mile stretch along the Vaico Oriental River was left scorched and barren. Winding southeastward out of Cambodia, the river has been a strategic waterway for Red guerrillas and supplies. . . ."

As we read of the thousands of lives lost in these floods in Vietnam, we can congratulate ourselves and say, "good deed, Boy Scouts of the U.S."

V. Hanly

Mr. Sinclair inquires

Monrovia, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial "Invitation to Depart" [*The Nation,* Dec. 14] you ask what we are doing in South Vietnam. Permit a reader to ask you a return question: Should we let the Chinese take India and communize it?

Upton Sinclair

Answer: Certainly not. — Editors.

The two-hour cure

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: William Buckley, he of the retrograde philosophy, labyrinthine logic and rhetorical virtuosity, has come up with a new scheme which, he claims, has the endorsement of liberal-minded Steve Allen. . . .

We (the U.S.) will bomb Red China's nuclear-producing facilities after giving her a two-hour notice to evacuate all persons in the area.

The logic? To "abort this atomic threat" posed by "the most aggressive power on earth" because we are "morally entitled and strategically compelled" to do so. Aside from the likelihood that China might not hold still for such a humane project, what next?

With China out of business, nuclearwise, that would leave Russia as the most aggressive. We would be morally entitled and strategically compelled, etc.

Then, France has given us much trouble of late and de Gaulle has delusions of grandeur (if you wish to believe the rampant inspired reports); so we give them two hours' notice.

As far back as 1776, we've had misunderstandings with England. Besides, they sort of recognize Red China, sell buses to Castro and have a Labour government. Two hours for them.

Canada has made some progress in the nuclear field. What is more, they sell wheat to Russia and aren't as hysterical as some, relative to Cuba. Another two hours.

Israel is dabbling with atomic energy. She is forever involved with her Arab nations who are our partners in Oil. We would be morally and strategically compelled.

I can see Buckley's passion for this scheme, but I would like to think that Allen is in it for the laughs. . . .

Hickok M. Moon

Meaning of legal

Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sirs: I wish to object to the term "the legal government of the Congo" as applied in a recent article to Moise Tshombe and his white mercenaries ("Hostages, Mercenaries and the CIA," by John Hatch, *The Nation,* Dec. 14).

Some years ago the legal government of the Congo invited the United Nations to come in and restore order. The result was the overthrow of that government and the murder of its premier. . . .

Our government recognizes quite a number of "legal governments," such as those in Brazil and Laos, but not that in China. When words such as "legal" and "humanitarian" are used to express their opposites, our language loses its meaning.

Paul Burke

De Lissovoy's lesson

Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Is it possible that Mr. de Lissovoy ("This Little Light . . .:Moments in a Southern Town," *The Nation,* Dec. 21) was trying to tell us something aside from an intriguing little adventure tale? Something like this, perhaps: If we'd all just be ourselves, ordinary human beings, and forget for awhile certain pet beliefs, mores and traditions, wouldn't integration cease to be the electric, all-encompassing thing that it is, and maybe, in time, resolve itself in a reasonable, matter-of-fact way? . . . Well, whether he was or not, it's a good prescription for resolving differences—groupwise and internationwise, as well as racewise.

Thomas Broderick

Lay off Lenny Bruce

New York City

Dear Sirs: The conviction of comedian Lenny Bruce on charges of obscenity is shocking, a disgrace to New York justice. . . .

Two judges, John M. Murtagh and Kenneth Phipps, voted that Mr. Bruce's performances were "patently offensive to the average person in the community, as judged by present-day standards."

Let's have the identity of the "average person" who'd be offended by Bruce's performance. Can Average Person be brought forward to testify?

Bruce is being punished and prosecuted and defamed because he laughs at tight-corseted authority—which is overbearing and abhorrent to free souls; a curse and an abomination in a free society.

Lew Arthur

THE NATION

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Scratching the Surface

Without being unduly cynical, one may wonder, on reading that the United States is giving "aid" in the amount of $1.5 million a *day* to the government of South Vietnam, how much of this largess gets down to the peasants whose "loyalty" it is supposed to purchase. Vietnam, of course, is only one outlet for the billions that are poured out year after year to fight communism all over the world. The motives of those who handle this cash may be predominately pure but, as in banks, corporations and institutions dedicated to philanthropy, there must be a certain amount of stealing.

This surmise has recently been brought to the attention of a federal grand jury in Alexandria, Va., where the Pentagon is located. Acting Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach reports the results. The grand jury indicted three long-time career employees of the Department of Defense on charges of embezzling about $66,000 in government money over a period of nearly four years ending late in 1963. Two of the accused were at the $20,000-a-year level, the salary of the third was $17,500. All had impressive titles. Among the funds allegedly misappropriated was $10,000 that had been committed for "certain confidential projects in Vietnam."

The *modus operandi* of the alleged embezzlements is described with the utmost vagueness. Perhaps that is necessary for the effective presentation of the government's case later, but it arouses curiosity. Mr. Katzenbach, according to the indictment, states that the accused officials used their positions to secure payments from military officers who were authorized to draw government funds, that they gave the officers false receipts, "then assertedly drew up false documents which they used to obtain funds from the Department of the Army, the Department of the Navy and the Department of Defense." These funds, still according to the Justice Department, were then used to reimburse the military officers for the original payments. The military officers are said to have been innocent of any wrongdoing, but the procedure is mystifying. Apparently the military men were able to obtain cash or negotiable currency, which they furnished to civilian officials of the Department of Defense, after which they got the funds back from these same officials, or others who had access to funds of the Department and the services. What the ostensible purpose of this shuffling around of funds could have been is not clear; still less clear is the question of why it took the auditors three years to catch up with these strange transactions.

In a brilliant passage in one of his books, John Kenneth Galbraith points out that in bad times embezzlement is rare, because those in charge of funds are suspicious of their subordinates and the business climate is one of fear and hostility. But in boom times the "bezzle," as Galbraith calls it, reaches enormous proportions, since money is easy, there is plently of it around to be stolen, and people are good-natured and careless. What could better fit this description than a government which, for two decades, has been spending tax money freely for activities which, in themselves, would be regarded as criminal if they were not committed under the guise of "defense"? It is a safe forecast that when the cold war reaches its Nye Committee investigation the defalcations presently alleged will seem microscopic.

Poverty in Suburbia

The suburbs have been pictured as Elysian havens to which people flee from the congested, noisy, crime-ridden city. A section of the affluent society has indeed found a measure of peace away from what Lewis Mumford called the slums of the rich, but the slums of the poor have followed them, or were there from the beginning.

A survey of New York suburbs by Clarence Dean in the *Times* shows that some of the wealthiest areas in the country are increasingly plagued by poverty. The number of persons on "welfare" (formerly "relief") is rising at a rate much higher than the suburban population, and the number needing assistance and not getting it is probably rising too. In Westchester, where the average family buying income is $12,765, the Council of Social Agencies found that one family in twelve is living in "abject poverty." Across the Hudson in New Jersey's Bergen County, also a well-off area, a survey by the Board of Freeholders disclosed 13,500 families with annual incomes of less than $3,000—and only 4.5 per cent of them were Negroes.

According to Dorothy Gilliam and Helen Dewar of *The Washington Post,* poverty in the nation's capital afflicts white and Negro families in about equal numbers. Of Washington's 50,000 poverty-stricken families, about 20,000 live in the suburbs, mostly within a 10-mile radius of the White House. Amid harrowing stories of destitution and hopelessness, these reporters bring out an important point. While unemployment and poverty are often related as cause and effect, some of the most serious poverty is found among the employed. They earn, but not enough. Fifty dollars a week for fifty or more hours of work is not uncommon, and spells misery on a level not much higher than living on the town.

Nor are the suburban poor always the much discussed victims of chronic, hereditary poverty and inability to cope with life. The postwar inflation and a permanently high plateau in the cost of living also play a part. Says the Westchester commissioner of public welfare: "We have women who were comfortably fixed when their husbands died twenty years ago.

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Now their resources are exhausted or inadequate." Life can be a long agony for those who once had money, as well as for those who never had it.

The discovery of poverty in the suburbs is the second phase of a growing awareness that began two years ago with the publication of excellent studies by Michael Harrington, Dwight Macdonald and Herman P. Miller, buttressed by the later findings of Ben H. Bagdikian (*In the Midst of Plenty*) and Edgar May (*The Wasted Americans*), both published in 1964. Part of the problem of poverty consists in educating the affluent about it. The reality cannot be grasped through statistics alone; it must be felt through exposure—at close range. As *The Washington Post* reporters were told by one school superintendent: "The affluent community has got to come to grips with the problem as an emotional as well as an intellectual one," that is, it must see "the poor" not as a statistical abstraction but as individuals, in all their diversity, in specific settings and circumstances. Implicit in the juxtaposition of affluence and poverty in the suburbs is a confrontation that has been long deferred.

Money and Politics

Robert R. Barry, who represented the western part of Westchester County, adjoining New York City, and all of adjacent Putnam County, was on *The Nation's* list of Congressmen most eligible for retirement. However, the area is solidly Republican; Barry had served three terms and it looked as though he could stay in Washington as long as he chose. Since he is a comparatively young man, the prospect was gloomy. Thus, when Richard L. Ottinger came out of the Peace Corps and defeated Barry, *The Nation* was both surprised and elated.

Without doubt Ottinger will be a shining addition to a New York Congressional delegation that can stand some luster, but his election raises a troublesome issue. Barry claims to have spent only $25,000 on his campaign. Ottinger's campaign cost some $193,000, of which $174,000 was contributed by his mother and sister through an assembly line of committees with names like "Citizens for Effective Government in Westchester," "Democratic Committee for Better Representation," "Ottinger for Congress Committee," etc. The New York *Herald Tribune* has listed twenty-seven such committees: each received $3,000 or $6,000, depending on whether one or both relatives of the candidate contributed.

Joseph W. Shannon, writing in a Westchester newspaper, the *Daily Times* of Mamaroneck, comments: "Money—and lots of it—is more and more the essential ingredient of political success. A poor man hardly has a chance these days." Shannon cites a "rumor" that Rep. Odgen R. Reid, a Republican who successfully defended his seat in another part of Westchester, spent $150,000. Mr. Ottinger himself comments: "In this day and age, campaigning is very expensive. A person who wants to run, particularly in a district held by the opposition, simply has to advertise—newspapers, billboards, radio—and this all costs money. A man has two choices. He can finance it himself, or he can go through organizations to which he is then beholden." He adds that the money was used not only on his behalf but to support other Democratic candidates in the district.

Mr. Ottinger's case is certainly not unusual. Many of the more attractive public figures of our time are rich men—some self-made like Governor Romney, but most of them possessors of inherited wealth: Governor Scranton, Governor Rockefeller, Senator Pell, Senator Clark, the Kennedys and others. And when other state and national campaign costs are examined, Ottinger's spending falls into perspective. Robert Kennedy spent $2 *million* to win his Senate seat from New York, a large portion of which came from his own fortune and from the fortunes of other Kennedys. The so-called President's Club of Lyndon B. Johnson is said to have secured 4,000 contributions of $1,000 each. In the California Senatorial primary, it cost Alan Cranston no less than $800,000 to lose to Pierre Salinger.

There is no patent cure for this problem, but some proposals may have merit. Perhaps the government should pick up the tab for certain kinds of campaign expenses, TV appearances in particular; perhaps the laws governing expenditures should be tightened, and it would be a good thing to broaden the base of political financing. Senator Goldwater demonstrated that large campaign funds can be raised in small amounts from thousands of donors through daily mail and television appeals. The fat cat is not indispensable. Certainly the problem should be kept under continuous study and investigation, for as the process of political inflation goes on, all sorts of talent, particularly young talent, is in effect barred from political office. Especially pertinent is the question of what happened to the report of the Commission on Campaign Expenditures, initiated by President Kennedy in 1962. Its specific proposals were mild enough: individual tax deductions for campaign contributions to a total of $1,000 or, as an alternative, since only 40 per cent of the taxpayers itemize deductions, a tax credit of one-half of campaign contributions to a total of $10. Neither proposal was adopted, but a simple deduction of $50 passed the Senate and was then voted down in the House. While President Johnson has espoused as his own most of the legislative programs and proposals of his predecessor, he has yet to say anything about campaign expenditures.

Justice and Power

Believers in American democracy have felt frustration bordering on despair at the spectacle of the rule of the Ku Klux Klan in parts of Mississippi and the seeming impotence of the federal government to bring the criminals to justice. To many it has seemed that no remedy exists, that the rule of law has broken down under the federal-state dichotomy. But there are remedies. A challenge has been filed, on behalf of Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, Mrs. Victoria Gray and Mrs. Annie

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DeVine, of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, to the seating of the five Mississippi Representatives.

The factual basis of the protest is that only 5.7 per cent of the eligible Negro population is enfranchised. The legal basis is, of course, that the five Representatives were fraudulently elected in violation of the Constitution and the laws of the United States. In part the fraud, as stated by Martin Luther King, Jr., consists in the fact that under the provisions of the Act of February 23, 1870, readmitting Mississippi to representation in the Congress, "it was stipulated that the principal condition for readmission—never to be changed or amended—was that all citizens 21 years of age or older who have resided in the State for six months or more and who are neither convicts or insane, be allowed to vote freely." Once Mississippi was back in the Union, this pact was ignored and the federal government, itself racist by omission if not commission, took no action to enforce the law. In support of the challenges, Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.) will offer a resolution on January 4, the opening day, asking that the five Congressmen not be seated until the challenges are decided by the House.

But there are other remedies as well. Six lawyers from the state of Washington who volunteered legal assistance in Mississippi last summer to COFO (Council of Federated Organizations), call attention to a letter to *The New York Times* to a remedy which *The Nation* has long sought to have invoked. Under Section 2 of the 14th Amendment, Congress has the power to reduce the representation of any state that systematically discriminates in the exercise of the franchise on the basis of color. It is one of the long-standing anomalies of the civil rights agitation that this section has been so largely ignored down through the years (see "Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro" by Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield, *The Nation,* January 21, 1961). It is a good remedy not only because it has teeth in it but because, once it has been invoked, it could be kept in force until the discrimination had ceased.

Equal justice presupposes equal access to the ballot; a minority stripped of power invites discrimination. Murder could not be committed with impunity in Mississippi if Negroes had the ballot and used it. Law-enforcement officials would begin to respect their oaths of office if Negroes voted. Juries, if selected on a nondiscriminatory basis, might begin to do their duty. The political remedies are available; it is just that they have never been invoked. Once they are used— along with the federal government's power to withhold funds for violation of the Civil Rights Act—these remedies can force Mississippi into the 20th century. And it will not take another hundred years to do it.

Tomorrow's Politics

The Control and Use of Technology

Nigel Calder

Suppose a politician sought election on the following platform:

> I offer you a richer and more hectic world, with more people, more noise, more automobile accidents, more neuroses and stress diseases than your wildest dreams evoke. Vote for me and I shall waken you each night with the exciting bang of passing supersonic air liners. I shall foment yet harsher economic and political nationalism. I shall lead you to glory in shooting up unruly people of lands whose standard of living is rising far more slowly than yours; we shall fight, too, for possession of the riches of the deep ocean. Together we shall banish wild animals to the museums where they belong and create an entirely man-made world. I offer you prostheses so potent that the day will come when we cannot tell man from machine. Our technocrats will continue to catch you unawares with new inventions. By such means we shall strengthen the power of central government and, through our national computer network, we shall be watching your every action, transaction and misdemeanor with a brotherly eye.

If anyone were bold enough (or honest enough) to declare such intentions he would doubtless be supposed to have committed political suicide. Certainly any tolerably well-intentioned politician would be honestly shocked to have it suggested that such was *his* program. And yet we are heading now to approximately the world I have described—under our benign leaders. It is the unwitting program of the technically advanced nations of the world, because politicians show a remarkable fatalism, or blind enthusiasm, for the application of new scientific and technological knowledge—attitudes that are deplorable, but not beyond remedy.

It is true that politicians have (belatedly) come to recognize the importance of science, but they have carefully enshrined it as a peripheral activity for government. Those who are readiest with the cliché par excellence of the 20th century—the one about science and technology offering unlimited opportunities for good or ill—are often the last to get down to cases and answer the question: "What do you think is good, and what ill, in the present tendencies in applied science?" (Antibiotics and the H-bomb won't do as answers—they are part of the cliché.)

Sometimes, the politician counter-attacks by saying that people are trying to drag science into party politics—to get politicians and parties to favor this and disfavor that sphere of scientific activity. That is precisely what I am doing. Ho, ho, comes the rejoinder, the spirit of science must not be enslaved; that was the error of the dictators. . . .

The obvious distinction that must be drawn is between scientific inquiry and the uses made of scientific knowledge so acquired. The former, I agree, must not be en-

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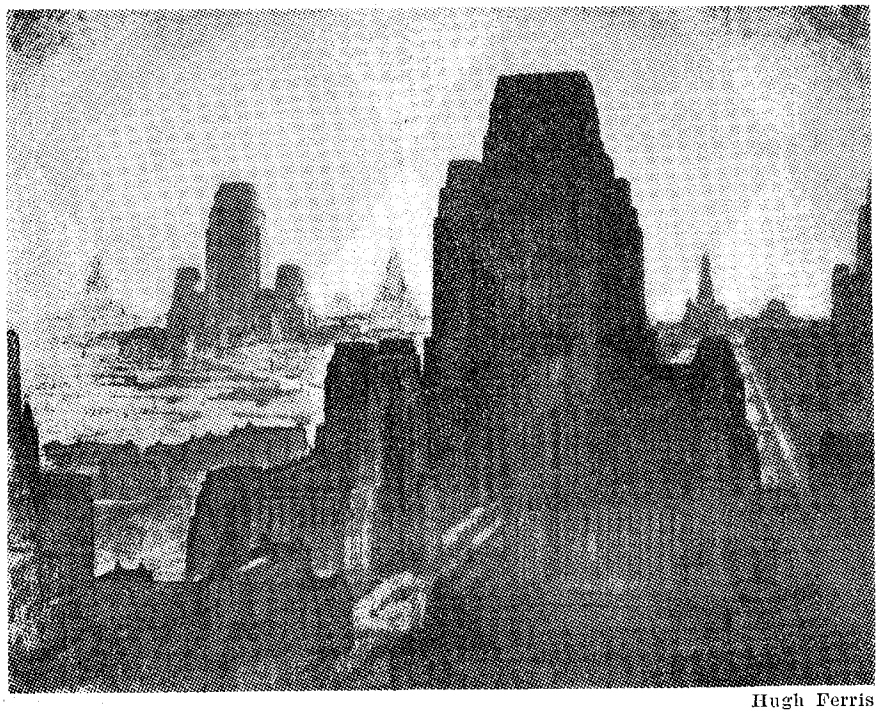
slaved by society; but society is already in the thrall of the latter—not of any person or group of people (e.g., "the scientists"), but of the principle that says, if we can do it, we shall.

As one British Nobel Prize-winner has observed, we can regret nuclear weapons without regretting the knowledge that made them possible. The inability to resist a bright idea is often justified by the argument, "If we don't do it, somebody else will." There are fears for the prestige, military power and economic strength that underpin a nation's way of life. My fear is for the way of life, which may itself succumb to attempts to defend it by sacrifices to the god of efficiency and by remorseless and unthinking application of science in a sort of technological nationalism. Things that radically change everyday life, like television and automation to name but two, are brought casually into being. We have allowed automobiles to ruin the centers of our cities; we have turned our countryside into a two-dimensional chemical plant. The fact that all nations are following the same path does not prove it to be the right one.

Perhaps at this point I should affirm my own enthusiasm for human ingenuity, lest any reader suppose I am in some way "anti-science." Some of the impending applications of science fill me with delight; these include the desalination of water, the revolution in information-handling and communication promised by the big new computers, and the ability to treat mental disease and virus disease chemically. About others—air-cushion vehicles which can overcome the lack of roads in underdeveloped countries and provide 300 mph railways for advanced countries, or the automation of such demeaning work as clerking and mining—I complain that programs to apply them are going too slowly. I look forward hopefully to the day when food can be made artificially, when we shall have energy without limit by controlled nuclear fusion, when we shall have economic ways of winning minerals from low-grade ores. What I abjure is my right (or anyone's right) to say, "Let these things be done," without their being first subjected to the proper democratic tests of public approval and to a review of priorities. If they come unbidden, then democracy is powerless in matters touching the lives of everyone.

But how can we relate such matters to party politics? In principle it is very simple; in practice it will require unaccustomed thought on the part of politicians. To begin with, all technological proposals should, as a matter of course, be energetically opposed by someone, if only so that the dilemmas or uncertainties surrounding them can be exposed, and the complex technical and social issues aired. It is astonishing, for example, that in the United States "national goals in space" were not adequately contested before irreversible decisions had been taken and a substantial part of the nation's resources and scientific manpower committed to landing a few men on our barren satellite. Similarly, the Anglo-French supersonic air-liner project was started without any public debate.



Hugh Ferris

That first requirement is minimal, and rather negative. The second and bigger step that party politicians must take will come from their realization that technological change is at least as full of consequence for the character of society as are the traditional preoccupations of politics. Different combinations of technology will produce different kinds of society. I have already outlined, in the fictional manifesto at the outset, the kind of society toward which we appear to be heading, out of control. A moment's reflection shows that we could do much better, and that in fact we have choices.

If politicians seriously attempted to evaluate current technological opportunities in the light of their political beliefs, they would find that different social views would tend to favor different items, and that they could, in effect, translate a large part of their policy into technological terms. If, for example, you believe in a strong, vigorous central government dedicated to a great technological leap into the future, you should favor big technical projects, big computers and power units, and the development of ocean resources; you should demand a large investment in preventive medicine, building and urban research, and the social sciences.

If, on the other hand, you are concerned with support for the "small man," local private enterprise and the well-being of the individual at home and abroad, you ought to prefer, for example, small-scale projects, energy sources and computers, better transport and communications, versatile production methods, natural products research and rural development, new technical methods of fighting crime, and a general bias toward improving the old technologies, rather than superseding them with new ones.

There are many ways of shuffling the pack to produce combinations of technologies that would match

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the particular set of beliefs of a given party. I leave it as an exercise for the reader to consider what, in the light of his own political beliefs, he favors and disfavors in current scientific possibilities. There are, of course, many more elements in the scene than I have mentioned; and where there are apparent gaps, the program maker is quite entitled to dream up new research projects.

If I may say so as a foreigner, a special responsibility falls on Americans. The United States is the pace-setter in technology, and latent in the present work of its scientists and engineers are many new wonders which will transform the world at an ever-accelerating rate. America has—in comparison with Britain, for example—the incalculable advantage of well-tried executive and legislative machinery for reviewing scientific matters, and an academic community well accustomed to serving the nation. If the United States should decide to exercise some choice, in what it encourages and what it rejects, the common man in every land who feels that he is being swept along helplessly in a torrent of innovation would be forever grateful.

Time is man's sternest discipline, unless he chooses to ignore it. In the present there are many possible futures, good and bad, for each of us as an individual and for the world at large. But when time passes and the future becomes the present, it is unique and there is no choice. *The* future, the one we or our children will actually inhabit, is too serious a matter to be left to science fiction, too much a concern of humane politics to be left to the blind drive of technology.

Houston's Hospitals

The Smell of Charity . . . . Joe and Cynthia Adcock

Houston, Tex.

Last November, for the first time in the memory of Houston, the board of managers of the charity hospital was meeting not at the country club, but in the hospital itself. As they entered the board room, the members were greeted by the grating of TV cameras and the chatter of reporters. The managers doffed their overcoats and made their way to the table. A few brave souls randomly stuck out their hands to reporters: "I'm so glad to meet you. . . ."

The nervous murmur of courtesies was punctured by a rising voice. Board member J. B. Allien, a roofer, his eyes wide with alarm and indignation, cigar describing hyperboles in the air, had cornered a fellow member: "This thing frightens me to death! Mister, they're going to get your hospital . . . they're going to tell you what you can treat and how many beds you must have, and. . . ." Suddenly Allien fell silent. He noticed that a nearby reporter was glancing at him and scribbling. Did he realize that if the public heard him admit its power over him, it might indeed decide to oversee Mr. Allien's trusteeship of the public charity hospitals? Was he silenced by the terrible fear that the public, if it were ever to take responsibility upon itself, might go so far as to socialize its medical care?

Perhaps so—for the future; but what was frightening J. B. Allien at this particular meeting was a cluster of tender consciences—Quakers, housewives who don't like cockroaches, overworked nurses, doctors who think of male Negroes as "mister," and not just "buddy."

Some of these tender consciences had come as "do-gooders" and volunteers to the two "charity" hospitals provided by Houston for its indigent sick. There, these amateur orderlies and nurses' aides had discovered a "dog pound," a "death house," conditions they could not believe. Several years after the first volunteers entered the wards at Houston's old Jefferson Davis Hospital, their outrage reached the boiling point. It was triggered by Jan de Hartog's *The Hospital* (Atheneum), a book that evoked shocked reviews in the nation's press by chronicling the mildest of the horrors within the charity hospitals.

When the public outcry was full blown, the board of managers sought a truce: They met in the charity hospital itself, symbolically facing the facts. They were hardly joyous that the day of reckoning had come. R. E. (Bob) Smith, oil multimillionaire, huffed: "I think this board has as much right to offer to run other people's business as they have to offer to help with ours." It was easy for Smith and his fellow managers to forget that their business is a public concern; the city long ago delivered over to the board its conscience on the subject of the indigent sick.

For thirty years the former board chairman, "old Ben Taub," a tobacco broker, had exercised this mandate efficiently, and won Houston's deep gratitude. The present board has continued his policies. It cannot understand the anger that has blown up in its face.

Houston's charity hospital problem dates back—long before the recent decades of phenomenal growth—to the post-reconstruction days when almost everyone was hard up. The first charity ward was leased from a private infirmary in 1888. In 1919, it became a "hospital," first occupying space at the U.S. Army Camp Logan, then moving to its own building in 1925. In 1938, the 500-bed Jefferson Davis Hospital opened. Conditions at Jeff Davis in the early days recalled Florence Nightingale's experiences in the Crimean War, say the nurses who worked there. The mattresses had no covers, so urine sank in, patient after patient, year after year. The stench set the tone for the whole hospital.

Jan de Hartog—Quaker, playwright, novelist, sea captain—and his wife Marjorie came to Houston several years ago. He was to write and teach at the University of Houston. Typical Quakers, they

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Joe Adcock works for the Houston Chronicle; *his wife, Cynthia, is an American History graduate student at Rice University in Houston. When they were students at the Columbia University School of Journalism, Mr. and Mrs. Adcock served their magazine apprenticeship on* The Nation.

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were soon working as volunteers at Jeff Davis.

Upon entering the hospital, de Hartog writes in his book, one met an "overpowering stench of poverty, sickness, neglect, unwashed feet, unwashed clothes, foul breath, the stench of vomit and diarrhea." The floor was littered with "paper cups, refuse, dirty bandages, cigarette

butts . . . the accumulated filth of several days."

In the emergency room he saw a Negro girl in a wheel chair, head in hands, a pool of blood spreading below her on the floor. Nothing was done for her because she had not registered; she could not register because she could not push her chair the last 3 yards to the registration desk.

In that "chilling, dehumanized world of a novel by Kafka," thoughtless humiliation of the patient was part of the routine. A helpless woman was examined, then left, naked from the waist down, on a stretcher in a room full of strangers.

De Hartog soon found that his experience was not unique. Fellow volunteers told him fantastic tales: At night, in male medicine, patients thrashed and cursed as cockroaches burrowed beneath their bandages to drink their blood; a man died of suffocation because no one had time to clean his trachea tube.

Six months after de Hartog began work, Houston city councilman, Frank Mann, proposed a cut in the hospital's budget. The brutal purpose of this suggestion was to make conditions so intolerable that more funds could be squeezed from the Harris County commissioners, the city's partners in paying for Jeff Davis. The county, said Mann, was not carrying its fair load.

Doctors and nurses in the hospital could have told him conditions were already intolerable, but they were muzzled by professional "ethics" and economic pressure. The hospital administration was silent. Only the compassionate amateur, volunteer de Hartog, could speak out. He wrote a letter to the Houston *Chronicle*, describing the "pest house." Public anger forced cancellation of the budget cut. Then Houstonians relaxed: A new, 431-bed city-county charity hospital had been built, and named for Ben Taub. The medieval barbarity of Jeff Davis, they imagined, would soon be gone.

Thus a year ago last spring Houston boasted two charity hospitals —but operated at the cost of one. For lack of sufficient staff and equipment, Ben Taub was, within a few months, simply a more grandiose version of old Jeff Davis. At times, only one registered nurse was responsible for 431 patients. "Medications were not given," de Hartog wrote. "Elaborate and delicate machinery like IPP breathing machines, set up at the bedside of dying patients to give them some comfort in their last hours of gasping agony, which had to be operated ten minutes out of every hour to be effective, stood idle during entire shifts or were left on long beyond the prescribed limit of time, thus turning from instruments of mercy into tools of torture."

With the critical shortage of professional personnel, staff morale was abysmal. Housekeeping workers—many paid 65c an hour—lounged in the halls of Ben Taub, smoking, while bloodstains hardened on the floor. Patients sponged their own wounds.

Quaker consciences were not assuaged by the change in locale. The Friends set up a Mercy Fund: its goal, $60,000 for the additional nurses and housekeepers that a second hospital required. Contributions were almost nil. De Hartog then bet Houston $10,000 of his own (borrowed) money that its citizens would not give the remaining $50,000. He won the bet. At the same time, a Houston dowager gave the city $50,000 for a rose garden.

Thus thwarted, de Hartog asked not for money, but for hands: volunteers for hospital work, to carry bedpans for "the poor relations of the city's servants." Red Cross training was offered, so that the volunteers could fill the nursing gap as well as provide human warmth in the institutional chill. Fearing the compassionate—and trouble-making —amateurs, hospital administrators rejected the offer. Only after months of pressure were the volunteers admitted—and they were scarcely made to feel welcome. They were barred from the cafeteria, given only a walk-in closet for their headquarters and "dining room."

Not at all satisfied, de Hartog wrote his book, which was greeted in the major national media with reproachful reviews. Like almost all Texans, citizens of Houston prize their city's fair image. They hope that its $24.6 million, air-conditioned and domed stadium, where baseball can be played indoors, will be its emblem. At the moment, however, it seems more likely that the city's fame will be spread by its appalling charity hospitals. Their barbarity is the more incredible in a town where Neiman-Marcus offered His-and-Hers ascension balloons at only $6,820 ("Escape, escape from the maddening throng. . . ." said the ad).

When medical care in Houston is good, it is very, very good. Whitey Ford, the Yankee pitcher, came to Houston's Texas Medical Center last fall when he needed complex neural surgery. The Duke of Windsor was here only last month for an operation publicized throughout the English-speaking world. But Ben Taub, which happens to be in the same medical center, sends acute pneumonia cases home with pills. Facilities just aren't available.

The hospital officials reacted to de Hartog's allegations with angry denials. "Too bleak" and "excessively theatrical" was chairman of the board, Dan Arnold's, comment on the playwright's book. "The quality of medical service received by [our] charity patients is the best in the world . . . an outstanding job." This time, however, his subordinates could not remain silent. A vociferous chorus of volunteers, nurses and finally even doctors contradicted Arnold with "shocking revelations" to the press. Two former Ben Taub nurses said they had been fired for

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bringing similar criticisms privately to the administration.

Firing troublemakers had been perhaps the administration's only way of preserving some semblance of order. The administrator, A. S. Reaves, had no training for his job. He left a public relations post with West Texas Utilities Company to run a hospital in the little Texas town of Quanah. In 1945, he took over as manager of Jeff Davis. His assistant, Joe Hewitt, joined the hospital staff four years ago after experience with a Birmingham, Ala., insurance company and the Burns Detective Agency.

The present director of nursing at Jeff Davis, Mrs. Vivian Strong, wrote a memo to Reaves six years ago saying, "I live in constant fear that we will have an epidemic in the obstetrical department." She detailed the septic conditions, but no corrective action was taken. Shortly thereafter a staphylococcus epidemic killed twenty babies.

Nevertheless, the winds of change were blowing: Houston is Space City, and the Deep South city that integrated peacefully. Dan Arnold was forced to abandon his intransigence. Speaking of the controversial hospital problems, he said: "I don't say they don't exist." But he went on to charge that "after the election there was nothing to fill up the front page of the newspapers, so we became the victims."

Whatever the motives of newspapers and critics, the time had obviously arrived for heads to roll and reforms to be proclaimed. Rumors filtered from the hospital that an "expert" had been hired by the board of managers to review hospital problems. Reportedly he was an auditor—a choice that would appeal to the managers, most of whom are businessmen. (In contrast, a typical British hospital board includes housewives, orderlies, social workers and trade union delegates, as well as doctors, administrators, lawyers and businessmen.)

All the members of the Houston board of managers are white—though about 70 per cent of the patients are Negro. While the managers do not all speak with a Dixie drawl, a pickaninny-massah paternalism flavored their first public meeting, when they replied to their critics' challenges. As one doctor, trying to discourage de Hartog, summed it up: "You're in Dixie, and this is a nigger hospital."

The board began by channeling the explosive demands and criticisms of its own staff away from the public spotlight. A board committee will act as permanent, internal safety valve by listening to employees' "complaints," as Chairman Arnold so delicately put it. Jealous of its power, the board next sent a "mind-your-own business" reply to a leading civic organization that had offered its specialized services to study hospital needs.

After these opening flourishes, the big gun was rolled out: the auditor, E N. Cappelman, a hospital specialist. The aim of his inquiries was to find out whether the city and county were getting their money's worth. Cappelman's audit proved that Houston was indeed getting its money's worth. It was paying a pitiful amount for its hospitals, and it was getting pitiful results. The auditor offered a plan for improving Ben Taub. He recommended close supervision of all help, and higher salaries for the lowliest workers, some of whom were making $1,313 a year.

He also suggested a tightening of collection procedures. Almost no one is treated free at the "charity" hospitals. However, bill collection is as difficult as getting blood from a stone, since the hospital treats only persons who fall below the following maximum earnings limit: $146 a month for a single person, and no more than $20 a month above that for each additional family member. Cappelman figured that $600,000 could be saved by assiduously collecting all bills. Shortly after he began work at the hospital, collections magically zoomed.

Cappelman got the board off the spot. Because of him, they had a plan. To raise salaries and hire more supervisors, the board has asked for a $2.3 million budget increase. Civic-minded Houstonians are now searching for a source of funds.

Clergymen, the Negro medical society and the *Houston Post* are distributing petitions to urge a "hospital district," an independent taxing authority to by-pass city-county haggling. More than 12,000 persons have signed the petition, but the necessary election will be called only if the county commissioners feel disposed to do so. Their enthusiasm may be dampened by the fact that in the past nine years, Houston voters have thrice said "no" to hospital districts.

Jan de Hartog is pessimistic about the chances for a hospital district. "Don't think you'll get money from Houston," he warns. "People just don't want to pay." In the Red Cross volunteer program, he has found a far more potent appeal. The need for lowly orderlies and nurses' aides offers to many Houstonians a rewarding opportunity to involve themselves in the life of the city. Such a chance is rare in Houston, whose population, now a million, has doubled in the past decade. Most have come here for jobs, and then find little else; where there might be social relations, there are only commercial transactions. As a volunteer, no matter how resented by hospital administrators, one feels useful, worthy and loved. Students and car hops, society hostesses and housewives, lawyers and ministers, Negroes and whites have flocked to join the "bedpan brigade."

"If we can only get 3,500 volunteers," says de Hartog, "we can assign one to each six patients around the clock." Already Ben Taub has the nation's largest corps of volunteer nurses' aides and orderlies: 115 in the wards, 100 in classes and 400 waiting for instruction. But though the vision of 3,500 volunteers, each hovering over six patients, is

heart warming, it cannot allay all misgivings. As de Hartog himself points out, volunteers cannot give the intensive nursing care required by acutely ill patients.

Perhaps most important, the volunteers provide sympathy and companionship for patients, and serve as a link between the world inside the hospital and the public, whose

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standards are infinitely higher. "Just give me a tender-hearted housewife as a nurse's aide to criticize hospital conditions," jokes de Hartog.

Tenderness, however, is not universal in Houston. Like a shrill obligato above the chorus of outrage at hospital conditions, one hears contempt for the poor. "Patients at Ben Taub are all freeloading," is the charge. Most of Houston's Christians are Southern Baptists and in this denomination there are many who descry divine justice everywhere. If they are well and affluent, the Lord is just. If others, especially Negroes, are sick and poor, well, the wages of dirtiness, sloth and unchastity (vices imputed to "Nigras") are, in Houston, death. County Commissioner Philip Sayers grows particularly wroth on the subject of "illegitimate children of common-law marriages," toward whom he feels the public has no responsibility whatever.

Negroes are the group that will be most affected by the outcome of the dispute, yet their community has avoided public commitment. The Negro newspaper *The Informer* has not covered the controversy, saying that it sees "no special angle" for its readership. *The Informer* concentrates on such status objectives as school integration, rather than on welfare needs. [See "Welfare or Status: The Negro's Priorities" by Everett C. Ladd, Jr., *The Nation*, October 19, 1964.]

Houston Negroes "have it good" —hospitals and other public facilities are now desegregated. Negro leaders have grown rich with Houston, and they will not now start rocking the boat. "Uncle Taub's cabin," as they call the hospital, is a painful joke. A visit there is to be hidden as if it were a trip to jail or to the poorhouse.

The plucky and self-aware Mexican-American community (organized into social action groups and the Teamster-oriented Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations) has sent up some fierce protests.

Lacking the mass protests that have begun to crumble the archaic caste system elsewhere in the South, Houston's prospects for much better care of the indigent sick are not encouraging. The double standard for rich and poor, white and Negro, affects all Houston's public services, from medical care to street paving and schools.

Yet the small protest movement has stirred Houston's conscience, even provoking a few letters to the editor calling for socialized medicine to end the need for *any* charity hospitals and to serve those too "rich" for Ben Taub, but too poor to provide care during serious illness without slighting other important family needs.

Medical care at Ben Taub remains terribly substandard. Designed as a small, specialized unit for intensive nursing care, it serves now as a general hospital. Though Houston's population has doubled several times since 1938, the city's charity hospitals offer only six more beds today than they did twenty years ago. Children with tonsilitis still wait for hospital beds until they begin to grow deaf—and thus qualify for emergency admission.

"In Ben Taub," said one staff doctor, "we are forced to treat the poor Negroes as another species, test animals, relics of the Stone Age not as sensitive as we to pain. In Ben Taub you are either a saint or a sadist."

THE PAPERMAKERS

First Rebels on the Labor Front

William S. Ellis

Portland, Ore.

It has been said of today's labor movement in this country that it needs, more than anything else, some honest rebels within its own ranks—men to kindle fires of protest against union chieftains who have grown out of touch with the rank and file. Such a rebel has now emerged on the West Coast, and under his direction more than 10,000 workers have staged the first major union revolt in almost twenty years.

William R. Perrin is president of the new Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers. Membership in the association is composed of mill workers in California, Oregon and Washington, who broke away from two international unions long regarded as pillars of the AFL-CIO. Although the rebels represent only a small fraction of their combined membership of 256,000, the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, and the United Papermakers and Paperworkers are distressingly aware that their houses have been shaken.

The rebellion could readily be setting the stage for the eruption of other insurgent groups in other unions. Even if it doesn't result in similar complete ruptures, what mild-mannered Bill Perrin has done is almost certain to inspire those in the rank and file elsewhere who clamor for changes of command. The West Coast uprising has come at a time when intraunion unrest is flaring, and such stalwarts as David J. McDonald of the Steelworkers and James B. Carey of the Electrical Workers are in trouble.

There were many roots to the paperworkers' rebellion, but none reached deeper than the resentment of actions and attitudes of some of the Eastern-based international officers. The feeling was widespread that democratic process had been abandoned in favor of dictatorial edicts, and the astonishing ease with which union and management negotiators reached contract agreements has fanned suspicions. For thirty years, the international unions have not called a single strike on the West Coast.

The rank and file had no quarrel with the bread-and-butter features of the contracts. Indeed, pulp- and paperworkers in the three-state area have long enjoyed the highest wages and most generous fringe benefits offered by the paper industry anywhere in the world. But for many, it wasn't enough. They wanted not

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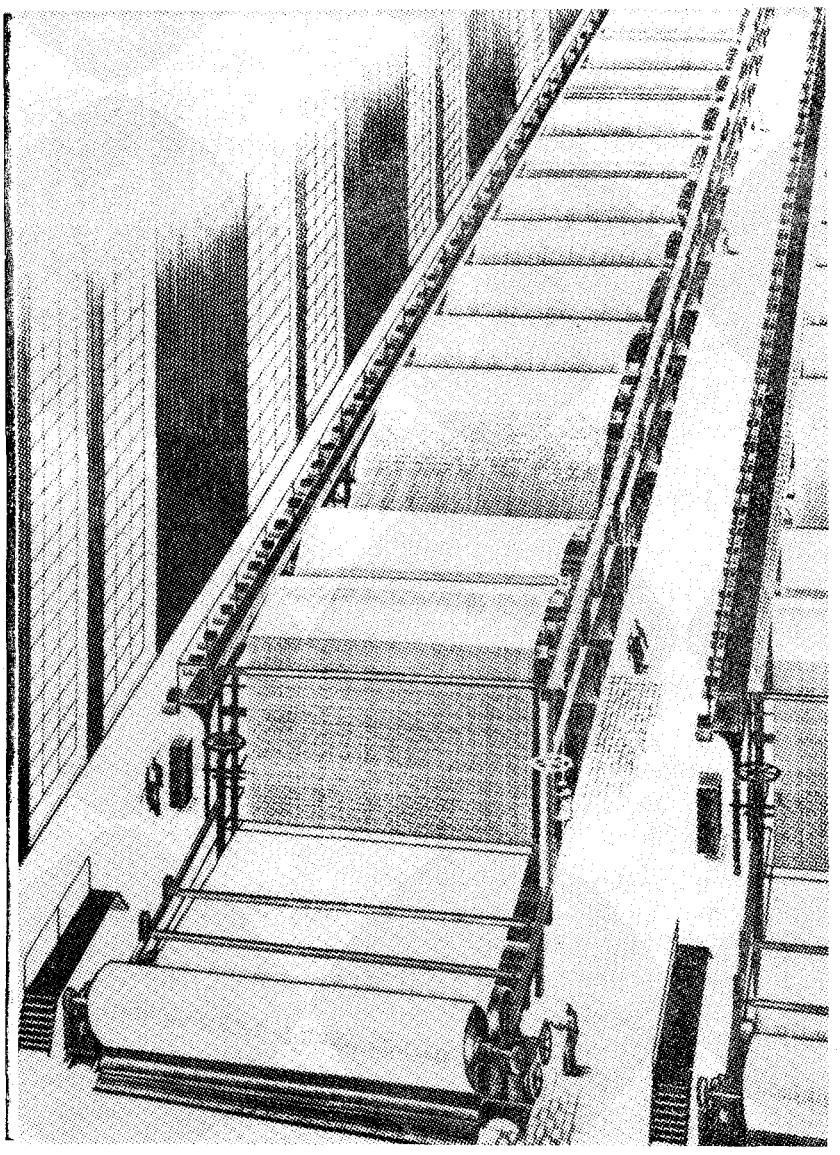
more money, but a louder voice for their Western locals in formulating union policies (the unions, which work together to obtain joint contracts, both have their headquarters in New York State). As important, they wanted to get back to the simple and basic principle that a union is healthy only as long as it harbors a certain mistrust of management.

"The two internationals are not really dedicated to the labor movement," said the president of a Washington local that bolted to join Perrin's AWPPW. "Several years ago the IWA (International Woodworkers of America) went on strike at our mill, but that didn't mean a thing to our union leaders in New York. They sent orders for us to cross the picket lines. Now if they don't have respect for a picket line, how can we expect them to have respect for anything, including their own rank and file?"



What the two old-line unions seemed to respect was the Pacific Coast Association of Pulp and Paper Manufacturers, representing ownership of all the mills. Little effort was made to hide the union-management amity. For example, a press agent employed by management was issuing statements on behalf of the unions while the revolt was in progress.

The two unions have always observed a "no disclosure" rule during contract negotiations. That meant that all proceedings were kept secret until an agreement had been reached. Early last year, however, 140 delegates from locals in the three states met to draw up a new set of negotiation ground rules. They made a point of abolishing the no-disclosure procedure.

The manufacturers then informed officers of the internationals that they were disturbed by the possibility that the long-standing wall of secrecy might be torn down. They suggested a discussion of what management wanted as ground rules for future bargaining sessions. Representatives of management and the two internationals then met in San Francisco and agreed on the rules—including, of course, the one designed to shelter the rank and file from details of quasi-sweetheart arrangements. For Perrin and many others, it was a humiliating surrender.

Against this background of dissension the conflict began to move toward a showdown. Denouncements of the unions and their officers became bolder and more numerous. "The New York headquarters of the two old unions bark commands, the Western vice presidents happily snap to attention and work to carry out wanton acts of destruction regarding local union rights," Perrin charged in an issue of *The Rebel*, a two-page sheet he and his group had started to publish. He proclaimed that "the greatest trade union fight of twenty years has broken out."

That declaration of rebellion came in June, shortly before negotiations for a new contract were scheduled to open. Perrin was a member of the bargaining board of the two unions, and it was clear that he would insist on using the ground rules favored by the majority of the rank and file. Ivor D. Isaacson, a vice president of the Sulphite Workers, acting on orders from New York, dealt with the problem in typical iron-fisted fashion.

"The three international vice presidents [on the bargaining board] are going to take over the entire bargaining," Isaacson announced. He dismissed Perrin and some others from the board and filled the vacancies with hand-picked replacements. The negotiations were guided by the rules which the manufacturers had laid down during the meeting in San Francisco.

That kicked the last chock away from the wheels of the revolt.

On June 4, Perrin held a news conference to announce that twenty-three West Coast locals, with a membership of slightly more than 10,000, had disaffiliated from the two unions and formed the Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers. "The hard-nosed and dictatorial attitudes of the Eastern

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bosses of the two international paper unions has caused a historic movement out of those two unions," he said. "And it has resulted in the establishment of a new union . . . dedicated to the fundamental democratic traditions of American trade internationals, working closely with unionism."

The new union quickly pressed for an NLRB-supervised election in the mills to establish itself as an authorized bargaining agent. The internationals, working closely with the paper companies, moved as quickly to inject an anti-rebel climate in the mills.

A vice president of one of the internationals warned that the new union would be plagued with "strife and weakness and endless turmoil," and that it would put an end to "unity in the paper industry of the West Coast." According to the same vice president, there would be "raids by other unions: Hoffa's Teamsters, Bridges' Longshoremen, and maybe even a new bunch of rompers and rebels; picket lines and campaigns of endless variety and loss of security and work for you, the members." Such warnings were sent to the workers, often on mailing lists supplied by management.

When unions and management had agreed on a new three-year contract, the pact was put up for approval or rejection by the rank and file. The internationals then made a coarse attempt to control the vote, since approval by a majority of the

(Continued on page 20)

Haiti: Alternatives to Tyranny . . . . . Al Burt

Last summer, Haitian exiles attempted for the seventh time to invade their country and overthrow President François Duvalier. The exiles pieced together two guerrilla groups, landing one of them at Saltrou on the southern peninsula on June 29, and the other at Dame Marie on August 5.

Previous invasion attempts had lasted from twelve hours to five days; at the start, these latest landings seemed more promising. Duvalier's forces were low on ammunition. The rebels were even worse off, but tried to make up for it by zeal, rifles and pistols, knives, hatchets and the sympathy of Haitian peasants. Still, the assaults picked up no momentum.

The Saltrou band retired in frustration after two months. One of its leaders said that their actions had proved Duvalier vulnerable, the loyalty of his troops questionable, the peasants cooperative and that a guerrilla attack could succeed. Having nothing left with which to fight, the Saltrou force quit the island to regroup; it will return when and if it can muster new arms and supplies.

Most, if not all, of the Dame Marie guerrillas had been captured or killed by late October. Since they did not even have a radio for communication with exile leaders, there was no confirmation of their elimination except a government victory announcement and the grisly pictures of three chopped-off heads which Duvalier displayed in a Port au Prince newspaper.

The two-part landing emphasizes the fact that Haiti is an almost forgotten corner in the world conflict. About the size of New Jersey (not as large as Vietnam, but bigger than Cyprus) and just 40 miles across the strategic Windward Passage from Cuba, Haiti is too small and too poor to lure the big powers into a real fight for its affections. The government is racist (black supremacy) and anti-American; it alternately threatens and cajoles the United States for renewal of the aid that was stopped in 1962, but it is "neutral" enough to be bought by any country that might think it worth the price. This brutal government bleeds Haiti for the sole purpose of remaining in power.

Almost alone among the nations in the world today, Haiti is sliding backward. Year by year it decays. Highways, telephones, railroads, electrical systems are worse now than they were thirty years ago when the U.S. Marines departed. In 1960, some 160 years after independence, Haiti's combined import and export trade is about half the $140 million it had attained as a colony. The standard of living falls steadily. Per capita income is estimated at $85 a year; some 85 per cent of the 4.5 million population is illiterate; life expectancy is thirty-five years; the nutritional level is at 85 per cent of the accepted norm; infant mortality is at 50 per cent. There is one doctor for every 10,000 patients (one for every 75,000 in the rural areas), school for only 15 per cent of the rural children. Only 6 per cent of the country is served by water systems.

Some of Haiti's difficulties can be traced to geography. Four-fifths mountainous, only 13 per cent of its land is arable, and the people are crowded in at the rate of 348 per

A. D.
Adolf Dehn

Al Burt, Latin American editor of the Miami Herald, *was 1961 winner of the Ernie Pyle Award.*

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square mile. However, natural problems do not entirely account for the poverty. The Haitian budget averages $25-$30 million a year, but since 1954 some $35 million in U.S. aid and about $15 million from the United Nations has been swallowed up without visible effect. American assistance was cut off two years ago when, after years of watching the money vanish in graft and corruption, Washington finally demanded proper administration of the aid, and Duvalier indignantly refused.

Haiti's aid from abroad is still appreciable. It now consists of a 1964 loan from the Inter-American Development Bank for $2.36 million to improve water systems, plus $190,000 for technical assistance; some $1.5 million from the United States, being distributed through the UN to combat malaria; a $4 million stand-by agreement with the International Monetary Fund to keep the currency stable (gourde: 5 to the dollar); more than $1 million annually in foodstuffs distributed by private charitable organizations. Because of hurricane damage, the charity figure last year reached $3 million. But foreign aid to Haiti, whatever its source or intentions, is used by the present regime to keep Duvalier in power rather than to help the miserable masses.

To coerce the United States into resuming its aid program, Duvalier has flirted with Czechoslovakia and Poland, and has spoken of turning to Russia. So far, these maneuvers have proved empty. The Czechs and Poles have representatives in Port au Prince, but they seem content to let the taint of bolstering Duvalier rest with the United States.

Duvalier's internal device has been to tolerate the growth of communism; he has even gone so far as to encourage far-Left patriots, exiled by previous regimes, to return and then has winked at their militancy in the Communist cause (especially among labor unions, students and peasants) as a further warning to the United States that it had better reopen its checkbook. The threat is that if Duvalier doesn't survive, chaos or communism will follow him.

Until recently, few took the Communist threat seriously. At least two high government positions were known to be held by Communists, but they and other sympathizers were believed to be oriented toward France or European communism. However, Communist party literature that has circulated recently in Haiti indicates that lower-class Haitians are now leaning toward Cuba and that there is widespread sympathy for Fidel Castro among peasants and youth. This literature indicates a concerted organizing drive, and a strategy that calls for a popular revolution against Duvalier himself or whatever government follows him.

In July, 1963, the two Haitian Communist parties, which had been formed in the 1950s as the successors to the old Popular Socialist Party, held a clandestine meeting. The Popular Party Entity (PEP) and the Popular Party of National Liberation (PPLN) agreed to put aside their differences of approach and unite all cells under a new group called the Unified Democratic Front of National Liberation (FDULN).

The newly unified Communists are apparently guessing that a palace coup, perhaps brought about by U.S. influence, may topple Duvalier before their own revolution is ready. They are advising their cells to maintain discipline, to wait and learn "how to build and apply realistic plans of revolutionary work after an attentive study of the changes taking place in the country, and while struggling efficiently against the mishaps of desperate attitudes of ultra-revolutionaries with short political sights. . . ." They add that the people are not "struggling for a change of person but for a democratic and national, anti-feudal and anti-imperialistic revolution."

Veteran observers of Haiti now estimate that the Communists constitute the strongest organized clandestine force inside the country, and point out that it probably will grow stronger as long as Duvalier is in power. One advantage they have is a virtual open field for their propaganda.

For most Haitians the only voice raised clearly and strongly against the dictatorship that perpetuates their misery comes from Havana. During the past three years a Haitian Communist, the poet René Depestre, has broadcast for two hours each day in Haiti's native tongue, Creole. The two other primary foreign sources of news—the Voice of America and Radio Santo Domingo—are broadcast in Spanish, which the mass of Haitians do not understand. Depestre's programs, a mixture of anti-Duvalier, anti-U.S., pro-revolution comment, are divided into four parts: fifteen minutes each of world news, Cuban news, Haitian history (with anti-U.S. themes) and Haitian news.

Almost no other source of news exists except under government supervision. All local publications and radio stations are controlled. All foreign publications are censored and sellers of them warned that if anything unfavorable to Haiti is missed by the censor, the seller will be held responsible. To prevent visitors or Haitians returning from abroad from bringing in clippings about Haiti, both the baggage and the person of all those arriving at the airport are liable to search. This has included both priests and nuns. Anyone found with material regarded as suspicious is jailed.

In August, Roland Wingfield, a U.S. citizen en route to his post as a professor at the University of Puerto Rico, was jailed for eighteen days. He was in the process of preparing a doctoral dissertation on Haiti and had in his possession a number of calling cards of persons considered anti-government.

All this has caused a perceptible blink in Washington, but the United States nevertheless describes its relations with Haiti as "cordial." After a period of some six months in 1963 without an ambassador to Haiti, the U.S. sent in another. And reports from Washington indicate that further cordiality to Duvalier may be in preparation even though:

- Duvalier's government is recognized as both illegal and immoral. (The International Commission of Jurists in Geneva, Switzerland, said that "the tyranny that oppresses Haiti" has as its only excuse for existence "to place the country under tribute." It added that human rights do not exist, and that secret police can "jail, torture and put to death" citizens on their own initiative.)
- Two of the last four U.S. ambassadors have been expelled. Duvalier has also expelled one U.S. embassy counselor, one U.S. military attaché, one U.S. Agency for International Development chief, two U.S. naval mission chiefs and two U.S. air force mission chiefs.
- The current ambassador, Benson L. Timmons, III, was kept wait-

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ing five weeks for an audience with Duvalier and then treated to an "unpleasant" lecture from the dictator on how an ambassador should behave.

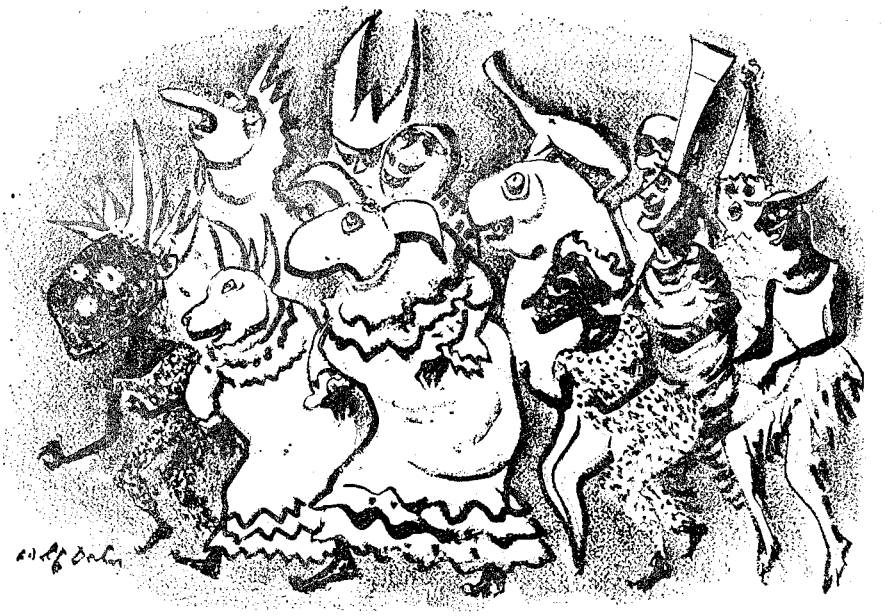
▪U.S. citizens have been jailed without cause. U.S. businessmen have been harassed, and government organizations have attempted to extort money from them.

▪Haiti has openly accepted planes smuggled from the U.S. to combat guerrilla freedom fighters, and has attempted to have arms smuggled for the same purpose. (The United States in October conducted a prisoner "swap" with Duvalier. Three U.S. citizens on a Caribbean cruise were arrested on the charge of smuggling when they put into Jacmel for water. At the same time, a complaint was pending against a Haitian for trying to smuggle $100,000 worth of arms and ammunition out of the U.S., apparently for the Haitian Government. The charge against the Haitian was dropped at the request of the U.S. State Department on the same day that the three U.S. citizens were released after eight days in jail.)

▪Some $2 million worth of U.S. military equipment, taken to Haiti under the military mission training program which Haiti requested in 1958, still remains there and is a substantial part of Haitian materiel. The mission itself has been expelled from the country.

Under Duvalier, nearly every Haitian institution has been degraded. More than fifty Catholic priests have been driven from the country; government thugs have disrupted church services and beaten both communicants and priests on suspicion; the entire Jesuit order and the Episcopal bishop were expelled; intellectuals have been exiled; the army has undergone a constant shuffle of command and has gradually given way in power to the civil militia, Duvalier's own creation. The entire cast of characters around the 57-year-old Duvalier is shuffled periodically. He trusts no one, and those closest to him are in the greatest danger of his wrath. He demands overt support from Haitians: "Who is not on my side is against me and who is on my side must get involved," he once said.

As his regime has grown more brutal, Duvalier has shown signs that he suspects himself of being a



deity. This year he had himself declared President for life, because he said a man of his stature comes along once only in a lifetime. "I am the Haitian flag, one and indivisible." He arranged for an illustration to be run in a Port au Prince newspaper showing Christ with his hand on Duvalier's shoulder, with a caption calling him the chosen one. Meanwhile, entire families have been jailed or massacred on suspicion alone. A dead body this fall was posted on a busy city street as a warning to oppositionists, and threats have been voiced to make the streets run with blood if Duvalier is attacked.

The arguments for continuing to deal with Duvalier are that in the absence of other leadership his overthrow would open all doors to communism; that the country is hopelessly poor and will forever be a burden on someone; that the backwardness of the people necessitates a dictatorship for many years to come.

These are myths, though like most myths they are based on some elements of fact. There is a shortage of leadership, but there probably is more available outside the country than in. For example, 70 per cent of the Haitian doctors who graduated in the last ten years have left the country. Some 1,500 Haitian technicians or teachers are now working in Africa. Other experts are sprinkled throughout international organizations such as the United Nations. There are ex-ambassadors, ex-cabinet ministers, ex-Presidents and other men of government experience, as well as a younger generation determined to make its place.

Haiti is poor, but it does not have to be so desperately poor. U.S. technicians once decided that the Artibonite Valley could produce enough food to feed the country—a major accomplishment — but the project was abandoned and the $22 million put into it wasted because Duvalier insisted that graft be made part of the cost. Tourism and lagging business could be revived under a regime of law and order. Under the worst imaginable conditions, Haiti is surviving. With only a decent administration, what would the improvement be?

Most Haitians agree that the country will need a strong government, but the exiles, particularly the younger ones, reject the idea that dictatorship is essential, and feel that there is an alternative to the tradition of despoliation that has resulted in twenty-three of thirty-one Haitian chiefs of state leaving office before their terms expired.

These ask for hemispheric sympathy, if not help. A young former schoolteacher, wounded on the Saltrou expedition, spoke of their feelings:

The world knows what Duvalier's regime is. Families are jailed, women and children killed on suspicion alone. Haitians exist under a rule that recognizes no human rights. What government in conscience can deal with Duvalier? How can it be recognized as any but an outlaw regime? In the name of human decency alone, why do not powerful nations isolate him?

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Improving on Icarus

LIKE A HOMESICK ANGEL. By John Bainbridge. Houghton Mifflin. 119 pp. $3.95.

THE ABOMINABLE AIRLINES. By George Johnson. The Macmillan Co. 302 pp. $5.95.

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S AIRLINES. By R. E. G. Davies. Oxford University Press. 591 pp., illustrated. $17.50.

Karl M. Ruppenthal

At the outset, this reviewer must admit any bias which may inadvertently creep into these evaluations. Having been an air-line pilot for over twenty years, and having flown Boeing 707 jets during most of the present decade, I must admit that I do not usually read popular books which deal with aviation because they are so often trite, sensational, and based on too few facts. But occasionally author, publisher and printer conspire to put out a book that is worth the reading — at least for the reader who does not spend a large number of his waking hours at the controls of a commercial plane.

Like a Homesick Angel is substantially what it purports to be: a day in the life of Capt. Hal Blackburn as he flies his regular jet run from New York to Rome. On a sparkling spring afternoon, Captain Blackburn leaves his Berks County, Pennsylvania, farm, with its small herd of black Angus cattle, and drives the 135 miles through tangled traffic (the most dangerous part of his trip) to Kennedy International Airport in a 1950 Ford sedan. There, in competent fashion, he checks the weather, briefs the crew, picks up his passport, exchanges pleasantries with a dozen fellow employees, then enters into his special kingdom — the cockpit. In the briefing session he discusses air-line navigation, fuel consumption and the possible use of alternate airports in case the destination airport must be by-passed because of foul weather. He also finds a minute or two to praise the fine training that TWA crews receive in Kansas City, particularly in matters pertaining to safety.

Blackburn proudly surveys his jet, nostalgically comparing it with earlier planes. He talks a little about the principles of physics which apply to a jet engine. He likens the thrust to the forward motion given to an inflated balloon that suddenly escapes from a child's hand.

After a routine take-off and a climb to cruising altitude, Blackburn comments on airways traffic control and some of its problems. He visits with several passengers, checks on the operations of the other flight crew members, and then finds time to reminisce. He remembers the Eagles Nest Flying School in Albuquerque where, with a good bit of secrecy, TWA trained pilots before the United States entered the war. He remembers the good old days when hostesses gave the passengers (and the pilots) much more attention than they have time for today. After a smooth-running flight, Blackburn ends up in a comfortable hotel in Rome where he enjoys a well-served dinner with wine.

There is nothing at all startling in the entire book. Blackburn has a job to do and he does it in a routine way. (Indeed, he is so casual about the whole operation that his wife is not even on hand to give him a kiss when he leaves on his flight to Rome.) He is a pilot of the old school. His copilot thanks him for the privilege of landing the plane. Pilots of a later year customarily share take-offs and landings with their copilots who, by and large, can fly as well as most captains. Blackburn also indicates more awe of the work of the navigator and the flight engineer than would most pilots of the newer school.

Written in a readable style, the book does what it sets out to do: it tells in an interesting, straightforward manner what one pilot did on a routine flight to Rome. His flight varies little from dozens which this reviewer has flown. Nothing whatsoever occurs which might distinguish it from thousands of others which are flown every year. Perhaps the book was intended to reassure the somewhat squeamish passenger and to let him know that a competent job is really being done. If that is the case, it must be given high marks. Throughout, one is continually impressed by the fact that everything is completely under control.

The Abominable Airlines is quite another story. Far from attempting to reassure the passenger, it tells him that virtually everything is wrong: air-line fares are too high, but the profit level is too low. There is far too much governmental intervention in the aviation business, but the CAB should eliminate some air-line routes. There are fifty-five different fare combinations from New York to Miami, but the CAB exerts too heavy a hand on experimental fares.

Written by a newspaper man in newspaper style, there is considerable variation in the chapters, depending upon their individual source. Most of them are based on papers given in 1961 at the Flight Forum sponsored by the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company. Given by a variety of individuals, these papers vary in quality and in depth, and *Abominable* reflects that variation. Some chapters would have been improved if the sources had been checked for accuracy and for bias. While the author generally attributes statements to the various spokesmen who uttered them, he makes no attempt to verify the accuracy of their assertions.

The book attempts to say something about virtually every aspect of aviation. In some twenty pages it gives a capsulated history of the air lines from the days of the Ford Tri-Motor to the present day. One chapter tells of the changes that have come about in air-line management because large financial interests are involved in the air lines today. Another deals with airport congestion and the amount of time required to get from the airport to the city. Hostess training, air-line competition, pricing policies, airways traffic control, and literally hundreds of other subjects are discussed, none in any real depth.

The chapter titled "The Desire NOT To Fly" is a case in point. At the outset the reader may believe that he will learn more about some of the psychological reasons why many people are afraid to fly. But instead he

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is told that the sky is becoming increasingly congested with military pilots, who are mostly fools; and with private pilots, a hazard because they are "deaf, dumb, and dangerous." The reader may be surprised to read that "the airline operators themselves, being ordinary and occasionally careless or greedy human beings, are demonstrably to blame at times for tragedies which feed the general fear of flying." After reading about such alleged ghouls, the reader is scarcely reassured by the chapter (four pages) which tells of the efforts of the Federal Aviation Agency to improve the safety of air-line operations.

Johnson creates the impression that there are constant feuds raging in the cockpit. "No other area of air-line operation is the scene of so much breast-beating, outraged screams, violent attacks and violent counter attacks. . . . Air safety was forgotten in the 'eddies and crossfires' between groups of men plugging their selfish interests." It would appear that the men who fly the nation's planes, be they pilots or flight engineers, are interested only in their own economic gain — completely oblivious to the passenger, indifferent to their own fate and to the safety of flight operations. While most of the wrath is directed against the men who fly the planes, the Civil Aeronautics Board is not neglected. "Early in 1948 the CAB rendered a typically distorted judgment. It decreed that all commercial planes certified to weigh more than 80,000 pounds on takeoff must carry a third man whose duties would be solely those of a flight engineer. . . ." A little research would have revealed that that "typically distorted judgment" was in the form of a regulation which came only after exhaustive hearings, considerable research and voluminous testimony. The regulation was supported by the Air Line Pilots Association, the Flight Engineers International Association and many responsible members of air-line management.

Several areas touched upon are of vital importance to the flying public. There is some excellent material on airport design, navigation facilities, and the conflict between the local operators who run the airports and the federal taxpayers who pay for them. Ten pages yield a good deal of information about the Local Service Carriers — the hedgehoppers — that serve some 300 small cities and towns, calling attention to the fact that the federal taxpayer pays a tremendous subsidy to provide these towns with air service. The chapter on the supersonic transport likewise raises many valid questions concerning the feasibility of that expensive craft. Air-line pricing and the paradox of relatively high fares and half-empty planes is another subject well worth exploring. In the chapters that deal with these subjects, there is considerable meat, but they lose force because of the sensationalism and the inaccuracies which characterize the other sections of the book.

To give a technical example, the book states that it is more difficult to land a jet than a propeller-driven aircraft because its landing gear is narrower. Actually there is a difference of opinion among pilots as to which type of plane is the more difficult to land. Certainly the width of the gear has little to do with it. As a matter of fact, the Lockheed 1649A Constellation, the last member of that family, required uncommonly close attention to taxiing, because its gear was exceptionally wide. There was always a danger of running off a narrow taxi strip in a turn.

The statement is also made that a jet captain never looks out of his cockpit on landing until the copilot tells him that the runway is in sight. That one is good for a laugh, for it is simply not so. While it is true that the pilot in a jet does make reference to his flight instruments almost continuously — even in clear weather—he is not an ostrich in the cockpit.

A History of the World's Airlines bears little resemblance to the other two books. Thoroughly documented, and done in a scholarly fashion, this book is a beauty to behold. Its index (running fifty pages) would in itself justify publication of the book. Replete with charts, tables and illustrations, it traces aviation from its earliest beginnings in several parts of the world to the jet age in this ever-shrinking globe.

Factual and well written, the study is a compendium of facts, dates and events. But it does far more than give a bare chronicle of history. Written with the perspective of a good historian, it gives the reader an insight into why many things occurred. ". . . few would dispute that airlines have become as much a part of our world as the London buses, the Paris Metro, or the New York subway. Forty years ago, airline life was just beginning. Suspension of activity now would inconvenience millions. Those affected would range from every class of traveller; from the humble passengers of Wien Alaska Airlines, who make their connexion to Shungnak by changing on to the dog sleigh, to the sophisticated American theatre lovers who would be unable to attend the Dublin Abbey Theatre under the Aer Lingus Inclusive Theatre Plan." Mr. Davies' book is a complete delight.

Demon Progenitor

JACK LONDON: A Biography. By Richard O'Connor. Little, Brown & Co. 430 pp. $6.75.

William Ward

A biography about Jack London seems as pointless as a biography about Thomas Wolfe. Both were heavily autobiographical in their fiction, and for London's life a reading of *Martin Eden* would seem sufficient. Furthermore, the market today is cluttered with formula biographies completely predictable in format: Chapter 1 — an overview of the subject's life, with both complimentary and critical remarks. This chapter is designed to reveal a major conflict in the subject's life (the dynamics necessary to make the biography readable and popular). Chapter 2 — begins a chronology of the subject's life. Here, the ancestors are surveyed, spuriously. A most general chapter. Chapter 3 — enter the Hero. From this point the strict chronological ordering of events prevails over critical judgment or creative interpretation.

O'Connor's book — primarily a documentation — is to a degree formula stuff, but in this rare instance the formula is fortunate. London has needed systematic documentation. Irving Stone's *A Sailor on Horseback*, although it brought out in 1938 the facts of London's death for the first time, was somewhat romanticized. Friends and relatives have

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published scores of memoirs about London, but none worked out a full line of his life. O'Connor's research has been intense. He has brought together widely scattered materials. Substantially objective, the biography establishes a base work for London's life, a life which defies fiction.

At 15, London was an oyster pirate reading Dostoevski, Melville and Flaubert. At 17, aboard a sealing vessel in the Pacific. At 18, marching with Coxey's Army . . . and subsequently in jail in Niagara Falls. At 19, back to high school as a freshman. At 20, going for Klondike gold; by 23, the most controversial author of the day (1899). Eventually, a misanthrope badgered by alcohol, in love with the word "abysmal." At a little past 40, dead of a self-administered dose of morphine to end the pain of uremia, nephritis and quick reverses.

Born a have-not, London worshiped the status of the middle class. O'Connor writes, "The . . . parlor was his goal." It turned out to be his prison. He thought he could settle for middle-class security, but he could not cope with the loss of individuality such security demanded.

At the outset of his career, writing was to be the means to wealth, prestige, success. When he reached these goals, he tried to abandon writing, but he couldn't. It was his only successful income. In particular he resented journalism, a form of literature at which he was eminently successful. As a newspaper man (a Hearstling) he roamed the world. At various times he referred to his writings as hack work, as fulfilling belly needs, even as brain merchandise. In later years he tried scheme after scheme in attempts to become independent of writing income (one plan involved planting 16,000 eucalyptus trees), but like many other American writers after him, he continued to write in habit (1,000 words a day) and turned out fifty books in sixteen years.

Although *Martin Eden* is dangerously the universal biography of contemporary novelists and *The Call of the Wild* and many of the short stories are masterpieces, most historians of American literature are uncertain what to do with London. Like an awkward kid at the playground, he stands around unhappily while captains of literature choose teams. Never enthusiastically selected by anyone, London poses a painful situation because he refuses to go away.

London's problem is a kind of survival of the unfittingest. He is too erratic to fit into any neat plans for the study of American literature. As a youth, he was raised on Alger and Marx, side by side. While a self-proclaimed Socialist, he talked proletariat but dreamed capitalistic . . . and read Nietzsche. He studied Herbert Spencer and social Darwinism, yet wrote novels in which individual strength led to destruction (i.e., *Martin Eden*). In his final years he even bumped into Freud and Jung and speculated about psychoanalysis providing the medium for a new type of novel.

London's novels, short stories and essays were as scattered in effect as his philosophies were in aim. His books stimulated the formation of such widely diverse groups as temperance societies (inspired by *John Barleycorn*, an account of London's own battles with liquor) and Marxist and Fascist clubs (from *The Iron Heel*).

London's omnivorous, indiscriminate intellect was an ambiguous virtue. He couldn't clew, for instance, to Marx without at the same time reaching out for Nietzsche. To him, the world of ideas was a series of new grasps; he had to try for every one of them. He is damnably erratic and ungoverned and his work reflects that chaos; yet when I read him I feel as though I am being given basic instruction in 20th-century American literature. He hopscotched beautifully. It's a bumpy trip, but all the points are touched. For example, he anticipated the tragic male hero (or victim or anti-hero, pick your term) that frequented American literature of the 1920s and has culminated in the dissolute portraits by Styron and Rechy. And the Woman of Equality (sometimes referred to more simply as the modern bitch) — London portrayed her in full deflower. In *The Call of the Wild* he antedated the style of Hemingway. Despite his contradictions and his masses of hack work, London was a previewer of fiction. He succeeded Stephen Crane; he has been succeeded by the host. To study London is to study the floor plan of the 20th-century American novel. As O'Connor puts it:

> *If his end had not been so untimely he could still be alive, an aged and revered titan of American letters. He was roughly contemporary to such vital and diverse men as Carl Sandburg, Upton Sinclair, Winston Churchill, Bertrand Russell, Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, and Albert Schweitzer. If he had survived, we might have been fascinated and enlivened by his reaction to the depression of the Thirties—he would have been only fifty-four when it began—and the monstrous but logical culmination of his ideas about Nordic superiority —he would have been in his seventieth year when Hitler killed himself in the ruins of Berlin—and to the much sadder fate of the proletarian revolution he also preached, for he would have been eighty years old when Russian tanks in 1956, crunched their way over the barricades of Budapest.*

Last of the Line

SHORT FRIDAY: And Other Stories. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 243 pp. $4.95.

Warren Miller

Singer is a rare bird, perhaps the last in what has been, after all, a not very long line. The early stories of Sholom Aleichem and Peretz began to appear around 1880. The language in which they wrote is fast dying; and if there is in fact a tradition, no inheritors are in sight to carry it on. It is not surprising then that most reviewers have responded to Singer's work (in translation) with a warm blanket of praise, as if the man from the ASPCA were hard on their heels and looking out for the first sign of ruffled feathers. The tendency has been to protect, not to examine; to cozen, not criticize. This must amuse Singer—if the implicit condescension of the attitude does not anger him—for he must be a tough old bird: the last of the line almost always is.

There are, of course, other reasons for this evasion. Saul Bellow has pointed out (in his introduction to *Great Jewish Short Stories*) that when we "open a book to pay our respects to a vanished culture, a world destroyed to the eternal reproach of all mankind, we may be tempted to set literary standards aside." But it may be that senti-

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mentality is an even stronger force than pity and guilt: the idealized vision of the *shtetl* held by those who have never been closer to it than West End Avenue, and who are ready—even eager—to accept *kitsch*. It's not a matter of bad taste as much as simple ignorance. The genuine article is hard to take—let alone to recognize—when all you've known is the *mezzuzha* manufactured in Tel Aviv and the Modern Art's reproduction of Chagall's rabbi. It has always got to be kept in mind that we live in a country where on Passover the bread of poverty is dipped in chocolate and wrapped in silver.

For those who suffer a nostalgia for what they've never known, Singer is a little genre painter offering heart-warming portraits of matchmakers, wise old rabbis, threadbare teachers, ritual baths, good wives, joyous weddings; he is an antiquarian setting up displays of objects we thought had vanished forever but have somehow survived in his memory. This is a fair enough assessment of Singer at his worst—when he is, like Gimpel, merely a teller of tales ("Grandfather, tell us a story"). At his best, he is much more than that; not an antique but the most modern of men, writing not of an idyllic past when men communed directly with God, but of the here and now when the abyss between man and God has grown so wide (and has become a "fact of the inner consciousness," as Gershom Scholem puts it) that mysticism is the only recourse.

Finally, we come to what is, I think, the most important reason why Singer's work has been embraced rather than dealt with, why we have been "tempted to set literary standards aside" and merely cry "*Landsmann!*" letting it go at that. Singer is not primarily a writer. The novel and the short story as forms interest him only insofar as they advance his purpose, which is nothing less than that of redeeming the world. His books are redemptive acts. In one of these stories a demon says: "The Jews have now developed writers. . . . All that they want to do is to redeem the world." And in another story, he writes: "Everything that's wrong on this earth has to be corrected. The world of evil is the world of correction. That is the answer to all questions."

Singer's motive and mission make a purely literary judgment of his work irrelevant, yet no other is possible for us. It must be said, then, that in this latest collection Mr. Singer has, almost in spite of himself, succeeded in writing several brilliant stories, notably "Alone," "Jachid and Jechida" and "The Fast." Like Lope's satan, Singer too has at last discovered the New World; for the first time, I believe, two of these stories are set in America: one in Brownsville, the other in Miami. This last is "Alone," one of the best stories in the book; "A Wedding in Brownsville," one of the worst, is a banal ghost story. It differs in no significant way from its Victorian equivalents. It may be, as the narrator of "Alone" states, that some "truths" are "impossible to grasp in a northern climate." It is more likely that the Miami story succeeds because Singer's imps and demons, his peculiar vision and concerns, here arise from the necessities of art and are not imposed on the story, arbitrarily, like a poster stuck on a wall.

Gershom Scholem has remarked that "mystics are always striving to put new wine into old bottles." That will serve as a definition for most writers, too; and it is certainly true of Singer: new bottles interest him not at all. Content is everything for him, and when the wine is right all is well; but often it is not and we have to make do with the thin fare of anecdote and cautionary tale. It is not Singer who is an anachronism but, for better or worse, it is the tale which has ceased to be for us a valid literary form. All surface, lacking in reverberations, it is, even in Singer's hands, the copy of a copy. It grows ever more remote from art, and descends toward something which at best is merely charming.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

LeROI JONES
NAUGHTON'S ALFIE

LeRoi Jones's two "new" plays—*The Toilet* and *The Slave*—(St. Marks Playhouse: 133 Second Ave.) were written before *Dutchman*. They are not as successful artistically as the later work. In the hardware blonde of *Dutchman*, Jones conceived a concise and piercing dramatic image for the killer our society generates through its metallic emptiness.

Still the new plays stunned and shook me. After an initial discomfiture, I ceased to examine them as "dramatic fare" and began to think of them as symptoms. By this I mean that I cannot dissociate them from the hoodlum world we now inhabit. *Dutchman* was an angry play; *The Toilet* and *The Slave* are rabid. They are full of the rage which *precedes* anger, for anger has a definite form and a clear objective; rage only smolders and explodes.

Frustration breeds rage. It is caused by the contradiction, confusion and suppression of strong feeling. It therefore expresses itself in semi-articulate speech and violent action. Hoodlums are creatures consumed by the fires and fumes of frustration.

The language of the new Jones plays (particularly the first) is entirely naturalistic. Adolescents in our big city ghettos speak exactly as do the characters in *The Toilet*. Nor is the choice of the play's locale, a toilet in a boys' high school, gratuitous. The fight—very nearly a general massacre not without its "geniality"—would take place there. Still it is part of the poet's inspiration—and Jones *is* a poet—to make the words used and the setting chosen emblems of the inchoate savagery which possesses him, his characters and, to a degree unsuspected by most of us, our civilization as a whole.

After searing our sensibilities with indiscriminate brutality, *The Toilet* gets to its point. In an oblique way the play is a study in hypocrisy. The two youths who beat each other nearly to death are secretly and shamefacedly in love with each other. That the love is between black and white as well as homosexual is undoubtedly significant, but far less significant than that we are made to realize that its frustration must result in the most shameful and horrifying cruelty. What is wrong with the play, what delays our realizing its meaning till long after it is over, is that the reasons—aside from the obvious ones—for the suppression of love are not sufficiently suggested. We are given only the harsh anecdote and the dreadful environment.

Frustration again is the root sentiment in *The Slave*. The central figures are a Negro poet turned race terrorist and his former idol, a white college professor. In this play expression is more literate because what is said concerns the futility of the white man's liberalism and the hysteria its failure

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causes in the souls of those who suffer most through that failure. But the situation and the atmosphere are so insanely extravagant that these issues do not emerge as ideas at all. (Perhaps they are not meant to.) What is actually communicated is the sense that our incapacity to make true contact with one another must head our world to a hopeless, shapeless shambles—destruction and annihilation without a "lesson." Glimmering through the play's hectic verbiage and opaque argument, we catch glimpses of the mangled love the Negro harbors for his divorced white wife (a love heated by lust, which is an attribute of its frustration) and his distorted and poisoned veneration for the white professor who educated him and finally robbed him of his wife.

I do not "admire" these plays or call them "good." But despite their malformation and immaturity I believe them important. They are to be heeded. They say "beware!"

About Leo Garen's direction, Larry Rivers' sets, the acting of Al Freeman, Jr., one can only note that they are part of an evening we shall not soon forget.

Bill Naughton's comedy *Alfie* won a majority of votes in a British Critics Poll as the best play of the London season two years ago. I can understand that. For as LeRoi Jones's plays are explosive signs of a deep-seated disease arising among us from the frustration of love, *Alfie* is in the main a laugh-provoking, sentimental, wryly grimacing cartoon of detachment from all sentiment. Its terms are cockney. What is depicted is not the "angry young man" but his uneducated half-brother trying hard for his own protection not to feel anything at all.

Alfie, slightly tubercular, drives a lorry and later chauffeurs a Bentley. He has no thought except to avoid being trapped by any of the ideals the more coherent society of his nation's past might have imposed on him. He is not malevolent. He merely wishes to be free of anything which might more than momentarily separate him from his minute pleasures. The greatest of these are furnished by "the birds" (girls) whom he treats as considerately as his moral inanity permits. He is a "rebel" by default, attached to nothing, involved in nothing. Sex with him is neither passion nor appetite, only reflex. So without willing or realizing it, he is a sort of "ascetic" who will end in a condition of degraded purity! But being human he cannot avoid becoming a bit melancholy withal, perhaps pitiful, almost likable. There is much of today's England in the portrait.

It is loosely drawn, something resembling a string of revue skits, some sourly funny, some queasily pathetic, none overemphatic or begging to be taken seriously. Naughton possesses a casual but real talent. The play yields more substance than a good many better constructed, more glibly entertaining of our stage exhibits.

The direction (in which I include the settings) is rather too close to humdrum "realism," while the acting flits from good music hall characterization to mere indication, that is, to external acting with its seams showing. Still I must record my special pleasure in Jerry Verno in a minor role.

ART

Max Kozloff

TOUR OF THE GALLERIES

Within its press of time and space, the picture of art in the New York galleries and museums which this column presents during the year, is sadly limited. If only to acknowledge the richness of the scene, and the presence of a number of lively shows which weekly swamp the viewer, I offer these quick sketches. They could be duplicated in almost every issue, and still not do justice to the quantity, and frequently even the quality, of the exhibitions.

The Whitney Museum Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture: With unprecedented enterprise, the Whitney, looking far and wide, has put together a display of current sculpture, ranging from bone skinny to obese, and from carpet to chrome. A good percentage of the pieces light up or blink, others have been enameled or sprayed or painted. No distinction has been made between sculpture as such, kinetic "machines" and assemblage, for the good reason that such distinctions become increasingly difficult to support. Badly installed for the most part, and sullied by the presence of too many reactionary selections, the ex-

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is an unusual blend of liberal and pragmatic philosophy that provides a realistic approach to establishing genuine peace and social justice in the world today. Mr. Catlin is an outstanding political theorist and an architect of the modern British Labour Party.

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The University of Michigan Press

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THE FERVENT YEARS

by **Harold Clurman**, 320 pages: list price, $1.75

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hibition nevertheless gives great hope for three-dimensional media. Despite the usual drawbacks of surveys, this one has *élan*. One learns that the polychrome movement is much stronger than one thought, and that there is a powerful sculptural renaissance on the West Coast. Nothing embracing can be said of a phenomenon whose very essence is diversification. Yet, cautiously, I'd state that there emerges a sinister, though (or rather because) impersonal, animism in the form of many of the pieces. Secondly, there seems to be a widespread rejection of touch and tactility in modern sculpture, comparable to that in new painting. Although the ensemble is ultimately more impressive than individual pieces, I'd cite, among the lesser known artists, the following as noteworthy contributors: Richard Navin, David von Schlegell, John Willenbecher, Tal Streeter, David Weinrib, Robert Hudson, Sondra Beal and Tony Delap. Many of the more familiar sculptors, men like David Hare, John Chamberlain and Joseph Cornell, come through handsomely, too.

Anthony Caro (Emmerich): In his first New York show, this 40-year-old British sculptor justifies the anticipation which photographs of his work have already kindled. He executes his large pieces by bolting and juxtaposing steel girders and sheets, with occasional piping, which are then painted unitary colors: red, green, blue, etc. Caro's sculpture is positioned distinctly between certain *Angst*-ridden older figurationists, or even Moore, under whom he worked, and some very young sculpture-object makers of Dada persuasion. The quality which keeps many of the present compositions from being merely tasteful is their low-swung, sprawling, asymetrical groupings. Others play with equilibrium or repetition, with perhaps one phase of their sequence sprung or splayed out, or missing. Some points of view, and they are not always the most three-dimensional, give far more flattering visual sweeps than others: proof that the environmental and frontal aspects of the sculptures are not always resolved. But this still lends a tension that establishes Caro as an extremely serious and important sculptor.

Collage, 1912-64 (Chalette): This, the first retrospective since 1948 devoted exclusively to the theme of 20th-century collage, is a gratifying, and at various points illuminating, show. Chronologically arranged, it covers the major movements which have indulged in

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collage and—by implication, if not outright demonstration—reveals the metamorphoses of an idea that is perhaps the central premise of modern art. It is instructive to see how formal relations are subdivided, transplanted, masked out or condensed, like so much informational material given new structural fusions, and hence becoming new information—always, however, in a struggle between concrete artifact and metaphoric work of art. The differences between the excellent Picassos and Grises and the spectacular Miros and Ernsts are not so much of process or even imagery, as of accent, in which the discrepancies between the physical existence of the various elements are emphasized. In any event, collage induces a hypnotic experience whereby one material ostentatiously substitutes for another, and yet deliberately affirms its own identity. It was paradoxically in postwar art, in Kline, Dubuffet and Stael, the inheritors of this whole development, that the merely decorative potentialities of the mode were exploited, and the staggered relations between mental and sensuous response, as well as the whole current of irony, were smoothed. The later reactions to this situation, in which collage breaks out into three dimensions, are not touched upon by the Chalette show, but there are rare examples of Schwitters and Man Ray, among others, to give it distinction.

The Shaped Canvas (Guggenheim Museum): Aggressively topical, problematic in its significance, this exhibition brings together samples of a mechanism now going the rounds of New York art. These works might negatively be described as rejecting the notion that painting occurs on an uninterruptedly flat, rectangular ground. Instead, the shaping of the canvas, pulled tightly on specially made stretchers, enters into or echoes the forces at work in the composition. Triangles and serrated parallelograms are by no means the most radical frameworks in an exhibition which also includes zigzags, or curved-out, arcing canvas pillars. It would be too simple to consider these intrusively objectlike paintings as one more attack upon the easel tradition, although the present works are certainly within that tendency. For all the environmentalist fever through which current art is passing, shaped canvases branch off curiously on their own. Their pioneer seems to be Frank Stella, who five or six years ago gerrymandered his concentric stripes (painted in metallic colors) into big U and H forms. By implication a dissatisfaction with the convention of the window, field or plane in visual art, the whole pseudomorphic development may have gotten its first stimulus from Rauschenberg's famous canvas split in two by a ladder. Now, one has canvases within canvases, or added extensions or sections of them, fulfilling various functions not always as coherently as Stella's. Aside from his section, the most interesting, I thought, was Dick Smith's. Other exhibitors included Neil Williams, Paul Feeley and Sven Lukin. (Incidentally, another and more joyous reason to visit the Guggenheim these days is the great Alexander Calder retrospective.)

Charles Hinman (Feigen): Apparently overlooked by the alert organizer of "The Shaped Canvas," Lawrence Alloway, Charles Hinman makes his debut with paintings that not only qualify for that show by their weird contours and eccentric volumes but expand the possibilities of the whole trend. Vaguely describable as magnified biomorphic, with their slow outer curves, reversed or mimed by strongly saturated color areas within, Hinman's canvases counterpose sharply angular internal ribs that point or crease his compositions with an understated geometricism. The effect is tentatively illusionistic but far more equivocal than their simplified components would indicate. Furthermore, the colors play indiscriminately with either reinforcing or subverting the swells or recessions produced by the unpredictably varied plane. Here is a way out of the restrictions of "closed" form and uniform paint application, even as they are obeyed.

Art Israel (Jewish Museum): Twenty-six painters and sculptors, selected by William Seitz of the Museum of Modern Art, give the first comprehensive view of what modern Israel has produced in visual art. It is a regrettable and premature exhibition, comparable in the New York of today, to what an exhibition of American art would have looked like in Paris during the twenties. The fault is not at all that Israeli artists are about five years behind the *avant-garde* here but that they are hopelessly split between their allegiance to modern art, or rather the dignified look of it, as practiced by French and, surprisingly, Spanish artists, and some kind of response to their ethnic traditions and local environment. In the sense that Israeli artists have no immediate art history of their own to work on or from, their production is eclectic and drifts; in a word, it is aesthetically disenfranchised. For while in theory any combination of sources is possible, in practice, the Israelis give up conviction in idiom and content. These watery Abstract Impressionists (Fima, Streitman, Zaritsky) and pain-ridden Expressionist icon makers (Tumarkin), though not poor artists, have not found any indigenous clothing in which to dress their sentiments; at the same time, they are dreadfully removed in experience from the circumstances that gave rise to the decorative styles they cling to. Despite their proximity to the water, these Jews, generally of Central European origin, are not western Mediterranean, and it is futile of them to think so—just as it is futile to think that Mediterranean taste has still something to teach the 20th century.

Reginald Marsh (Gallery of Modern Art): Marsh's work of the thirties—burlesque houses, Coney Island beach and carnival scenes, Bowery vignettes—is another example of cultural dislo-

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cation. Although he was indebted to the Ash Can school for the anecdotal breeziness which allowed his illustrative urge full sweep, he aspired to elevate the American scene to an epic, if still grotesque, pitch, and for this he derived shamelessly from the old masters. One never feels in Marsh that his allusions to the Mannerists, Rubens, Fuseli, Rowlandson and Hogarth are either ironic aspersions, or a genuine outcrop of a noble tradition of caricature and exaggeration. Rather, they function as spurious legitimization for the low-life imagery and bad conscience of an artist who wanted to be taken seriously. Marsh had an eye for the life of his own time, but not its art, and hence could not see his motifs in as contemporary a manner as did his sources. Still and all, through the brown sauce of his coloration, and past the over-generalized approximate drawing, there does glimmer here and there a gusto and a sense of style that make his exhibition an interesting collection of period pieces.

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The Papermakers

(Continued from page 10)

workers would be a crushing blow to the rebel movement.

Union officials scheduled the voting at places and times inconvenient for members of locals thought to be pro-rebel. At Longview, Washington, for example, Perrin's supporters were ordered to vote at the Hotel Monticello, which is in the center of town, miles away from the plant. And polling times were such that many members had to wait as long as three hours after the end of their work shift. On the other hand, locals in Longview known to favor continued affiliation with the internationals were scheduled to vote at the union hall, and the polls there were open continuously. The harassment failed, however, for the proposed contract was rejected.

Under their constitutions, both of the old unions have always allowed those in command to exercise wide powers. But for many years the powers were not abused. "They were leaders, not bosses," Perrin said of the men who molded the unions into a force in the labor movement.

John P. Burke has been president of the Sulphite Workers, with headquarters in Fort Edward, N.Y., since before World War I. However, illness has sharply curtailed his activities. In Albany, N.Y., Paul L. Phillips presides over the United Papermakers and Paperworkers. He made full use of his constitutional powers during the strife.

In September, workers in the Western mills voted 10,653 to 8,130 to have the new Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers act as their bargaining agent. The disaffiliation movement had succeeded, but its survival hung in the balance. AFL-CIO President George Meany forbade city and state bodies chartered by the AFL-CIO to aid or comfort the rebellion in any manner. The internationals rushed to file more than a score of legal actions, some of which were aimed at freezing the funds of the breakaway locals. The prize-winning *Oregon Labor Press*, a weekly paper published in Portland, found merit in Perrin's fight and was immediately censured by the International Labor Press Association for such nit-picking infractions as "failing to regularly publish an accurate statement of ownership and endorsement."

Support for the rebels came from the Teamsters and the influential International Woodworkers of America, which had itself been born out of a rebellion against a carpenters' union in 1937. The Portland *Oregonian*, which has been publishing under strike conditions for more than five years, viewed the matter much as Gov. George Wallace might view a street scuffle between Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. The other papers, however, published a good deal of favorable editorial comment. The rebellion was, after all, an expression of Western indignation and the press couldn't very well condemn it without violating the smug boundaries of provincialism.

Actually, Perrin is a native of New York State, but he has lived most of his 55 years in Oregon. He went to work for Crown Zellerbach in 1936, and that same year joined Local 68 of the Sulphite Workers in Oregon City. A graduate of Oregon State University, he is a scholarly-looking man who has surrounded himself with aides who, like himself, command wide respect among the rank and file.

Having won the right to bargain for the workers, the new union faced one more test, and that probably the greatest challenge of all. It had to erase any suggestion of weakness that the companies might have detected. It attempted to do that in its first contract negotiations last fall by insisting on the reinstatement of some union rights which had been sacrificed over the years. When that failed, only one course remained. In October, the new union went out on strike.

About twenty of the forty-eight mills managed to continue partial operations as workers loyal to the old unions crossed the picket lines. There were a few fights and some arrests were made. The federal government asked that negotiations be resumed in Washington, and there, thirteen days after the walkout began, an agreement was reached.

The Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers got most of what it wanted—enough anyway to make it clear to the companies and the internationals that it was here to stay. It shook itself free of the shackles of absentee leadership. There are those who now watch for restlessness in other unions.

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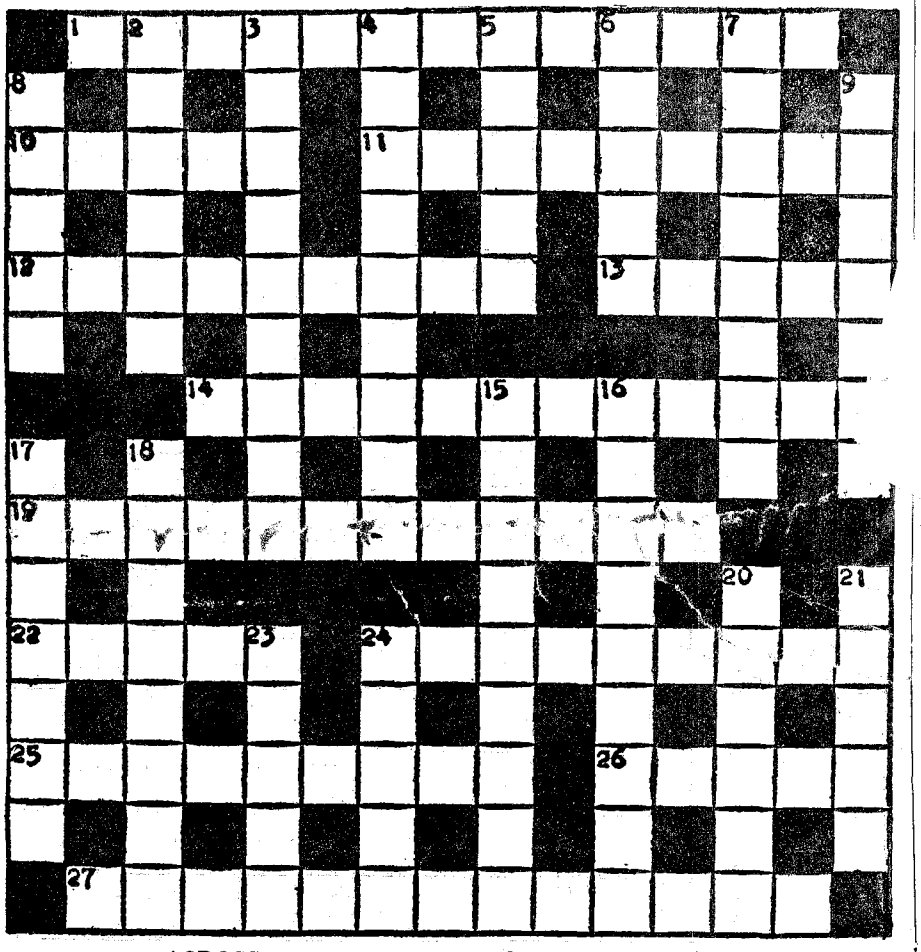
Crossword Puzzle No. 1087

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Associated with the Gallic outlook, no doubt. (6,7)
10 Working with a high-class Mitch Miller affair? (5)
11 It makes oil go back to the brim, in a way. Confusing, isn't it? (9)
12 After a fashion, it's followed about, and brought up short. (9)
13 Suggests what one might say around midnight with a bunch of runners. (5)
14 Carbolic acid, for example, might be fine with a number, if the environment is far away. (12)
19 Cyrillic version of "Life With Father"? It should be memorable. (3-6, 3)
22 Gets ready for a song by such as Theda Bara? (5)
24 Those who look around a long way off are typified by Drake. (9)
25 If you can talk a little, it shows a neutralizing influence. (9)
26 Found out how long it took to resign, retrospectively. (5)
27 Giving a trade name to those associated with the press? (Stock-taking might be more easily checked after their use.) (8, 5)

DOWN:

2 Nosey, in a less vulgar way. (6)
3 The timing is wrong for it, when it's dark. (9)
4 A matter of habit with the unusually austere? (4, 5)
5 Climbed without the first numbers put in a mass. (5)
6 Refuse to let the medical man take nothing on board ship. (5)
7 A rather stiff schedule for the diviner, alas! (8)
8 Such courage is only temporary. (5)
9 How to sharpen a pen? (In all fairness, it might be an herb.) (7)
15 Giving up a frogskin? (9)
16 The one of the Chinese might be hard to figure out, in both senses. (9)
17 Test about half-a-dozen, with insignificant results. (7)
18 Not how fast, but how far, we are told by it. (8)
20 Strangely enough, a very English composer. (6)
21 A team apart! (5)
23 Has a long interior for a room. (5)
24 A ship wrecked in the service of a foreign country. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1086

ACROSS: 8 Making overtures; 9 and 26 There's No Place Like Home; 10 Reflects; 11 Zinc; 13 Open letter; 15 Caverns; 16 and 23 William Tell; 19 Adam's apple; 21 Seam; 22 White tie; 24 Avatar. DOWN: 1 Daphnis and Chloe; 2 Liar; 3 Eggspoon; 4 Averted; 5 Artful; 6 Dune; 7 Gentleman-at-arms; 12 Cream; 14 Tales; 17 Ice packs; 18 Appeals; 20 Antics; 25 Ache.

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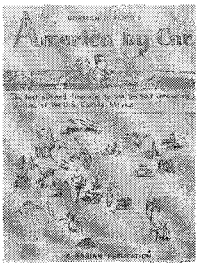

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